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W. R. HEARST.

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ENGLAND  
AND THE  
UNITED STATES.

That usually conservative British publication, the *Fortnightly* Review, in an article bearing the suggestive title, "The Struggle Before Us," warns Englishmen of the grave danger of a wanton and unprovoked attack on the British Empire by the United States. In the most ordinary military and naval precautions undertaken by this nation it discerns nothing but menace and malice. The natural desire of a large part of our people to fix a monetary unit without permission from Westminster it describes as malignant. Let us quote part of this remarkable indictment of a nation which has joined in but two foreign wars in a century by a spokesman of a people who are always at war in some quarter of the globe:

The danger which threatens this country comes not from the East only, but also from the West. In an instructive passage, written before the Venezuela affair, Signor Bonanno, in his work on the military situation, calls the attention of Europe to the growing aggressiveness of the United States, an aggressiveness which is now directed against England. Whilst circumstances have driven England to become the mainstay of civilization in Europe, her kinsman and her own familiar friend, vowed like her and dedicated to the love of freedom, is preparing to stab her in the back. Do not let us have any illusions about arbitration or the bonds of blood. One-half of Mr. Bryan's supporters are the open and avowed enemies of England; and one-half of his interminable speeches is occupied with the abuse of England. The mean, the illiterate, the unprosperous Westerners and Southerners have come to regard their motherland as a foul and malignant octopus. This crusade of evil, following upon the tail-twisting of the last few years, must bring its inevitable result. The United States are now feverishly fortifying New York and San Francisco, and building a powerful fleet, which, many tell us openly, is meant to be used against England. The War Academy of Annapolis and the War College of New York are studying the strategy of a struggle with England. "Quousque tandem?" we may well ask, stung and wounded by the continual insults and affronts which American jingoism and suspicion seem determined to inflict upon us. It is useless to tell our kinsmen that a war between England and the United States would spell the ruin of our common race throughout the world! Such is the present tension that, the moment the United States assailed us, our enemies in Europe would seize their opportunity. And thus "the Nebraska Kid," as with American amenity Mr. Bryan is called, is playing the game of Russia and the enemies of civilization.

There is a delightfully British absence of a sense of humor in the description of the leisurely, not to say dilatory, action of the United States authorities in belatedly providing for the defence of the two most important seaports of the country as feverish. Probably the *Fortnightly* writer never studied the calm and dignified fashion in which work proceeds in United States arsenals, navy yards and forts. If there be fever in our military methods it is that sort of fever known to the doctors as slow. Moreover, as against the few modern guns and mortars at Sandy Hook and the Golden Gate, what has England turned upon us? At Halifax are fortifications which are the wonder of this hemisphere. Nassau is an armed camp. Vancouver is being heavily fortified. Every available near to the United States coast is turned into a coal station for British warships. Why is the activity of the British War Office in making preparations for offensive as well as defensive warfare on our front yard to be passed over in silence, and the mounting of a new nine-inch rifle in an American fort to be looked upon as preparation to stab a friend of civilization in the back?

The writer for the *Fortnightly* describes as "mean, illiterate and unprosperous" the residents of these great sections of the United States—the South and the West. Perhaps this sweeping way of drawing an indictment against an entire people may have something to do with American dislike for the English. And while he lays stress on Mr. Bryan's arraignment of England for standing in the way of the restoration of bimetalism, he appears ignorant of the fact that tens of thousands of Republicans, voting for Major McKinley, hope for bimetalism, and believe England to be the one obstacle to its re-establishment. Out of the effort of the money lenders of Lombard Street to dominate the money systems of the world has come much of American distrust of England. Out of the perfectly open attempt of the British War Office to wall the United States in with a wing of forts and naval stations has been bred the perfectly reasonable conviction that in the face of such a menace of attack preparations for defence should be immediate. But definite preparation for an offensive war with England is not dreamed of in our country.

THE  
TARIFF  
CLOUD.

There is observable among the Republican leaders a chastened disposition to let sleeping tariff dogs lie. The country is being given assurances that only such changes will be made as are necessary to produce revenue sufficient for the Government's needs. In the far West, where the tariff issue was worked by silver Republicans to get votes against silver, this retreat of the McKinleyites from McKinleyism will cause disappointment, but the people as a whole would like to believe that business is to be given a rest from tariff uncertainties. However, though it is manifestly the wish of the President-elect and his advisers to avoid radical action, the trusts that want more protection for the increase of their power and profits will have to be reckoned with. The patriotic gentlemen who compose these thieving confederacies will demand all the fruit that can be gathered from the victory which they disinterestedly fought to win for the national honor. The instant the work of making changes in the tariff is begun their agents will be in Washington insisting on "recognition." The hope of the nation is that election to the Presidency may have bred a new sense of responsibility and of justice in the mind of Major McKinley.

TRUCKS  
IN  
FIFTH AVENUE.

There is a simple matter now before the Board of Aldermen, yet the manner in which it is discussed would lead the average observer to suppose that our city legislature is composed of stupid men. The question is whether Fifth avenue shall be legally exempted from the traffic of vehicles engaged in trade. The restriction of a certain street to the uses of pedestrians and carriages ought not to be a difficult matter to settle, but the Aldermen are having a bad time over it simply because they cannot rid themselves of certain empty formulas of speech.

"The streets belong to all the people, not to a privileged or exclusive class." That is the declaration that stands in the way of a speedy decision of this Fifth avenue question. On its face, the statement is absolutely true. In its spirit, moreover, it is sound. The trouble is that it is utterly misconstrued. The exclusion of trucks from a street does not turn that street over to any privileged or exclusive class at all. It does not rob the people of any part of their universal

rights in that street. It simply converts the street into a pleasure thoroughfare for the entire community.

The reservation of one of the main arteries of city travel for pedestrians and carriages would add to the beauty and convenience of a street in which there ought to be a good deal of public pride. The Board of Aldermen should take a broad view of this matter. The streets certainly do belong to all the people. Therefore give them one where they may enjoy themselves without the intrusion of droves of cattle, trucks laden with dressed beef, or wagon loads of clattering boards.

AT THE  
OLD STAND  
AGAIN.

The ferocity with which the trusts are being attacked by newspapers that up to within less than two weeks ago were working hand-in-hand with the trusts to win a Presidential election may puzzle the inexperienced. The experienced smile, and the champions of our national honor who compose the trusts, evince no signs of fright. Were the latter personally editing the newspapers which have resumed business at the old anti-monopoly stand, they would in all probability conduct them on the same lines. Such papers are far more useful to the Carnegies, Pullmans and Huntingtons than others, not less faithful but less shrewd, which make open display of obsequiousness. The paper that the trusts value is one which as a steady thing shows a heart all palpitating with sympathy for a plundered public, and keeps its teeth in good order by gnashing them at the combinations that do the plundering. Thus is a reputation for honesty and public spirit built up, which can be utilized when the right time comes. To be against these trusts when they are in no peril, but ready to spring to their help in the hour of danger—that is the scheme. When the hour arrives it is discovered that great as are the rapacity, the wickedness, the criminality of the trusts, there is some issue—the national honor, say—which so immediately transcends in importance the trusts that the duty of bringing the combines to justice must be deferred to a more convenient season. First the country has to be saved, and then the trusts will be wiped from the face of the earth. And it ever turns out that the country needs saving most when the trusts are in sorest need of help.

How many people are deceived by the game which these newspapers, the lackeys of the trusts, play so persistently? Not many, we should think, for the game is so very, very old—quite as ancient as the gold-brick swindle.

WEYLER  
HIS OWN  
REPORTER.

When Captain-General Weyler took the field in person against the insurgents Mars was expected to drop all other business and look on with envious apprehension. The Captain-General met the insurgents and caused reports of victories to his arms to go forth to the world. But as the world knows that no dispatches can be sent from Havana till they have been colored to suit Spanish taste, the world has learned to wait for Havana news to be confirmed before giving it credit. The Captain-General, though he romanced to the public for his own glory, was obliged to wire the truth to his Government, and the intelligence comes from Madrid that Weyler, instead of winning victories, has met with reverses. The probability is, when so much is admitted, that the insurgents gave Weyler a damaging beating.

The insurgents are doing very well indeed, and every American who sympathizes with a people fighting for independence will hope that when Weyler's men and Maceo's men come together in force the patriots may win as decisive a battle as can be fought in Cuba. It is obvious that if the resources of the Cubans do not soon give out Spain will not be able to maintain the war much longer. The cost of it is a frightful drain upon her, and the difficulty of raising money increases with every day's continuance of hostilities.

The war would have been over long ago had President Cleveland chosen to carry out the will of the people of the United States as expressed by both houses of Congress.

THE WHIPPING  
POST FOR  
BRUTES.

There is in New York poverty enough and misery enough, that seem to be as inevitable as the coming and going of the seasons, without having the sum of wretchedness added to voluntarily by brutal inhumanity. When a creature like Joseph Cullen appears imprisonment is no adequate punishment for his crimes. This Cullen, a big, healthy fellow, father of three children, instead of spending his wages earned as a plasterer for the support of his offspring, squandered his money on drink. His wife joined him in his debauches. But for the neighbors the children would have died from want of food and their father's beatings. They were found the other day, neglected, cold and starving. The Gerry Society took them in charge, and the unnatural parents were sent to jail for six months.

The blood runs cold at such a story. The woman, because of her sex, may be left out of what the story suggests in the direction of fitting penalty. For Cullen and all animals like him the lash on the bare back is needed. The argument against the salutary whipping post is that it degrades hopelessly those who are tied to it. The answer is that it should be reserved for those only who are already hopelessly degraded. It is through fear of physical pain alone that such savages as Cullen are to be restrained, and taught that society is a master holding a whip. What are six months in jail to this beast? Imprisonment carries with it to him no humiliation, no sense of disgrace, and one capable of treating his children as he did can be troubled by no concern for their present welfare or their future. He and his kind are too fortunate in having come upon the scene after the cat-o'-nine-tails has left it.

If the whipping post is a "relic of barbarism," it is well to remember that barbarism has left us plenty of other relics in the form of barbarians of the Cullen variety. Tenderness to these is cruelty to the weak who are at their mercy. It is right that survivors from the gorilla past, like other dangerous animals, should be kept in order through dread of the lash. For all who commit crimes against women and children the law ought to provide a post and a whip. We have cast away too soon in our march of progress some good things which our forefathers bequeathed to us.

Among the long list of vindicated we presume the Yale yell must be included.

Those of his fellow-citizens whom he cannot commend Ambassador Bayard never fails to apologize for.

Perhaps that famine in India could be overcome if the stomachs of the people would only cease their useless "agitation."

Those of Mr. Platt's friends whose mouths have been watering since election would do well to confine their desires to State plums.

A set of McKinley anti-trust views has percolated through Governor-elect Plagge, but up to the present time Mr. Hanna has been singularly quiet on that particular topic.

The managers of the Sugar Trust are so well pleased with the result of the election that they have frozen the Baltimore members of the organization out. However, there will be precious little sympathy expressed for the Baltimore crowd, as they should have understood that there is no honor among trusts.

Eulinda on Magnets, or  
Science Versus the Occult.

Eulinda came in from her marketing the other day, her hat a little bit awry, her cape hanging over one shoulder, an air of excitement exuding from all her clothes. In one hand she held gingerly some object at which she glanced askance now and then.

"Here, Miss Dolly," she said, dropping it quickly on the table, "I found it."

"What is it?" I said, too preoccupied for the moment to be in much about what was evidently disturbing Eulinda.

"Jess, look fo' yo'self, honey, tha' it is," and she gave the little metallic object a gingerly shove within the circle of my vision. "It's one o' dem magnets, I've 'traid o' em myself."

Now, Eulinda's fears always have a good background of reason behind them, and I began to investigate at once. Sure enough, it was a little horseshoe magnet, red and silver, that she had picked up in the street. Eulinda breathed a sigh of relief as I took it up, at getting the responsibility of ownership off her hands.

"I doan' s'pose it'll hurt yo' honey, or I wouldn't a brought it to yo'." It's jess a bit cur'us, an' yo' know yo's cur'us about things yo'self."

I laughed, for Eulinda reads me as accurately as I ever do her.

"Yes," said I, "it is curious, but why don't you like it?"

"O, I jess doan'."

"Eulinda," said I, idly moving the magnet about and watching it attach to itself a pin, a hairpin and some little brass-headed thumb tacks that lay within reach, "don't you know that that is no reason?"

Reason or no reason makes no difference to Eulinda if she doesn't happen to be in an explanatory mood, but she looked at me reflectively.

"Well, honey," she said, hesitatingly, "it picks up too many things to suit me. To tell de truth, I've 'traid o' em."

"Nonsense," said I. "It's only a scientific phenomenon."

"Yessum," said Eulinda.

Then I began to furnish up my knowledge of magnets for Eulinda's enlightenment, and was a bit astonished to find how little I really knew about them. "Why," a magnet is—is—is only a bit of iron or a piece of steel that has electricity in it, don't you know, in some way, so that its molecular condition—that's the little particles that make up everything—is so changed about that it attracts other pieces of steel or iron," said I, as wisely as I could.

"Yessum," said Eulinda again.

I picked up a little handbook of explanations of familiar phenomena and read, as much to myself as to Eulinda, "Magnetism is a change in the normal condition of the molecules of a steel bar which may be produced by an electric current passing at right angles to the direction of the magnetic force."

"Yessum," said Eulinda, "dat's what I've 'traid o'."

Then Eulinda sat down on the other side of the table and regarded me with serious eyes. "I ain' never had no use fo' magnets, Miss Dolly, sence de first time I evah saw one. They seems to me jess laik this. When I was a lil' gurl down in Vahginya they was a ol' white-headed man 'at lived in de aidge o' de woods. I disremember jess exactly what he was, Miss Dolly, but he was some kin' of scientific 'sperimenter, 'at's what my mammy said, an' when a cat or a dog or a lil' frog was dald—was dald, Miss Dolly—an' 'col' an' stiff, dat ol' man would take dat dald animal an' he'd put a wiah on dat lil' dald dog an' he'd klick an' klick an' his haiah would stan' right up straight jess laik he bristle all ovah." Eulinda shivered.

"They buha his house down, Miss Dolly, then he dida' live thah no moah."

There were years of childish terror in Eulinda's voice, of terror-stricken days and haunted nights, and I felt my own heart grow cold as she talked. Now I don't like magnets myself, but I felt that I must respond to children's tales.

"It's a horrible thing to look at, but you needn't have been afraid, I'll read you about batteries and galvanism when I have time."

Eulinda rose and gave herself a little shake, as if freeing herself from the half-forgotten clutch of a haunting terror.

"Yo' needn' min', Miss Dolly, if yo' jess s'pose," she said, "no scientific explanations 'at goes right roon' back when they sta'ts from calnt make me feel no diffunt."

"Yo' know, honey," she added, as if to soften the blow, "youse lubed a heap o' things out o' books 'at's mos' laikly so, an' youse lubed a heap o' things 'at they mos' laikly doan' know themselves. It's jess laik I tol' yo', honey, a thing 'at calnt walk an' talk, an' goes roon' pickin' up things laik that magneek does I ain' got no use fo', an' no scientific explanations calnt make me feel no diffunt."

Eulinda went off to deposit her marketing in the kitchen—and I am not quite clear about scientific explanations myself.

E. GRANT CRANS.

## The Jesters' Chorus.

"When she promised to marry me," said the rhapsodic young man, "her voice sounded just like an angel's!"

"H'm," his married friend responded. "I suppose it did. But it won't always sound that way."

"I can't believe it."

"Well, you just wait until some morning when her voice informs you that it's a quarter past 8, when your inner conscience tells you it can't be a minute more than 5 o'clock. Then you'll remember what I've been saying to you."—Washington Star.

"What has become of your backer?" asked the title person of Mr. Barnes Turner.

"I guess I worked him too hard," replied that eminent tragedian. "I killed the goose by pulling his golden leg, as the proverb goes."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Evelina!" exclaimed Horatio Dexter, as he jumped up and passed a hand over his eyes, as if trying to brush away some blinding substance: "Am I awake, or is this merely an evanescent dream?"

"What has happened, darling?" Mrs. Dexter cried, at the same time rubbing over and endeavoring to steady his swaying form. "Tell your little wife! What is it?"

Pointing to a magazine that he held out before her the agitated man said, in trembling, half-suppressed tones:

"I have just found a poem in there that means something!"—Cleveland Leader.

Visitor—Poor fellow! What happened to him? Was he in a railroad smashup or did a motor run over him?

Nurse—No, it was his magnificent racking and the two touchings I've been giving the day for the Polytechnic.—Cleveland Leader.

"They say Brown is married to a new woman."

"Yes, I believe this is his fifth."—Cleveland Leader.

Road—I hear that Penn's new play has no villain in it.

Wright—It doesn't need any. The play itself is perfectly villainous.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Did Not Look  
Before She Biked.

Whether or not an excess of weight gives them extra courage is a question, yet a fat female will take chances where her narrow gaited contemporary turns back. At least this was the case when it came to scorching through liquid mud after Thursday's rain.

A score or more of greyhound-built lady bikers in spotless togas had lined in their whizzing steeds and walked around the unpaved circle at Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, when an obese maiden appeared far down the avenue.

In the distance she resembled a large red ball, as bowed to her work she pumped the wheel along. O. Columbus, in his lofty marble pedestal, in the centre of the muddy circle, where he stands night and day, discovering bikers on the avenue, loomed up as a warning, but the maiden saw him not. All this scorching heeded was the fact that she was setting a pace for herself.

The dry asphaltum on which the maiden sped and the liquid mud of the circle were both of one color—a pale drab—and the juicy landscape, two inches deep, rose flush with the crossing. Without checking down so much as one revolution per second the fat girl shot forward into the mud. The wheel skated from under and to the left, but with admirable diplomacy the maiden set her right foot down, stiffened her leg and hung straight ahead with great rapidity for a distance of fifteen feet or so.

The pointed toe and beautifully arched instep of the grounded foot acted as a plough, from the polished leather shoe of which a fan-shaped shower of mud squirted up into the face of the lady; also into her mirrored shirt front, making a drab and white polka dot thereof. The trail

for handle bars and bell threw up an auxiliary shower that did much to alter the pattern of the lady's red bloomers. When she finally fell, her right hand, encased in a white kid glove, was entombed to the wrist in the ooze.

With disgust and mud depicted on every lineament, the fat maiden waded to the sidewalk, dragging the smeary wheel, and doubtless bemoaning that edict of society which debar a lady from using the language of mud on similar occasions.

At a fruit stand near the corner she borrowed an old newspaper, printed in Italian, from the woman in charge, and groomed some of the mud off herself and the lady. The woman who supplied the paper was also fat, but I could detect no gleam of sympathy in her dark and fiery eyes.

The Clean Strain Courage  
of Mr. Hiram Sawdy.

"As I remarked," said Colonel Ainsworth, "and is no match with the game, the man who plays his stock to the last chip will eventually win out. Maybe he finds a split on the floor, an' comin' back busts the bank. Anyway he strengthens his moral natur' an' playin' a loatin' game hard has its remunerations. An' this quality of sand ain't in no wise limited to sports an' men of the world. Divinity students are just as lib'le to show the strain as yore shawty kyard man, or the owner of a string of hosses. I even now recall, sub, an' ol' Cam'ille preachin' down in Christian Church, who has as much pure blood as a ten-acre pasture full of thoroughbreds. An' I ain't hangin' my conclusion on the way he cleaned out the gang 'em Gracey that night they rode oveh to bust his protracted meetin' at Hanley's Mills. He calved up the two Withers boys so they wouldn't hold feeters, an' he stacks up seven others like they was cawd wood. It wasn't that episode in the life of the Rev. Hiram Sawdy, which was his name, nor yit his stan'din' of the Jack Creek outfit that was bent on lynchin' a nigger that I regarded as the big courageous play of his life. To my min' the gamest thing he ever done was right in the line of his business, an' showed conclusively that you couldn't stampeed him 'er deal a game so hard agin him that he'd go to the discard."

"It was like this: Misteck Sawdy, among other clerical duties, preached every othe Sunday at Hopkinsville. It was his custom on such occasions to come Sat'day afternoon an' goin' to the house of a professor—a brother in the church—we call 'em professors—an' thar he'd fix up his discourse fo' the next day an' likewise pick out the hymns to be raised."

"One Sat'day he stopped at Green Clay Harbort's house. Harbort's boy Buckridge is a pison mischievous kid, allers a-playin' of his tricks. Misteck Sawdy was called fum the room temporarily an' the boy ducked in an' stole the preacher's hymn book. Misteck Sawdy turned down the leaves of his book, indicatin' the hymns to be sung. This yore Harbort boy had a song he'd cut out of a newspaper. It had struck his fancy somehow an' he thought he'd like to yere it in the choir. He pasted it in careful an' smooth an' sneaks the book back onto Misteck Sawdy's table. The next day, after prayin', the preacher opens his hymn book an' begins to line out the selection. It began:

Clarence McFadden, he wanted to dance.  
He was amazed at the words an', layin' the book down on the pulpit, takes off his spectacles an' wipes 'em exceedin' careful. Then he goes on again an' reads that unspeakable hymn from sound of gong to distance flag. It goes like this:

"Clarence McFadden he wanted to dance.  
But his feet wasn't gaited that way.  
So he goes to a teacher an' states the case,  
an' said he was willin' to pay."

The teacher looked down in surprise at his feet. An' viewed their enormous expanse.  
He tacked on a V to his regular price,  
For larlins' McFadden to dance."

"The preacher, as I was tellin' yo', was a brave man, but sub, the song almost fazed him. He rallied, took a big drink of water, an' says to his congregation:

"Brothers an' sisters, it's twenty-five year an' more since I've been givin' out hymns fum this yore blessed book, an' this is the first time I rickeed a strikin' line. But, he says, brin' himef agin, 'tis in the hymn book, brothers an' sisters, an' if some one o' yo' all will pick the tune, we'll sing it, by the grace of heaven, if we bust a trace chinp."

WILLIAM E. LEWIS.

## THE WAR O' THE GLANS.

Doctor Angus MacTangus was in a rage. Scotch dialect story writers, like their readers, are liable at almost any moment to get into a rage.

"Allan McGallon!" he yelled, with an obviously spurious Clackmannanshire brogue, "teras I who invented this clach, an' ye ken it, ye gille!"

Allan McGallon sat at the far side of the table, and his watery eyes, libtiro for Scotch, stared steadily on the quart bottle of Old Glenlewem whiskey, turned now toward the speaker's angry face.

"Weel ye ken, McGallon, that the clans hae warred wi' the claymores ower far less than this. The glory o' havin' first begun books that hae made an' Scotland's name a terror to all men is na sma' thing!"

"Doctor, ye're a pretender the way throo. Yer name may be Scotch, but ye're a pretender the way throo! Ie were born a Saxon Southron. Yer speech is na true Scotch, for ye drap awa' intil English ivery libher word. An' sin' ye lectured in these States yer talk is a fu' o' Yankee slang—ye call our braw writin' trade a 'clach'!"

"My failure to have been born Scotch is no bar to my claim that I was first in the Scotch dialect story field. As for my speech, I flavored it with Scotch solely as a compliment to you. My readers get me all Scotch—which fills the bill. 'Clach' is one of those truly expressive American terms. It admirably defines the good thing we are in thankful enjoyment of."

Allan McGallon reduced high-water-mark in the bottle of Glenlewem by five fingers, a process which seemed to arouse his fighting instincts like a blast of the bagpipes.

"MacTangus, what proof hae ye that yer fellow writers owe their livin' to ye? ye example! Oor weeth it, mon, oor weeth it noo!"

The Doctor threw a bulky volume upon the table, causing a shock that almost overturned the Glenlewem bottle.

McGallon shivered with unstimulated horror.

"Hand yersel, mon!" he shouted. "That's whusker!"

The Doctor recited in a calm, clear voice, in which was an ill-suppressed note of exultation:

"Dictionary of Pedigree of Frank Inventions: Class—Scotch Dialect Novel: Pioneer—Dr. Angus MacTangus. There, read and be convinced," said the Doctor, pushing the volume toward his doubting literary brother.

McGallon snuffed sardonically and drew a paper from his pocket.

"I'llna care a thistle for 'at. Here's a sanctified copy o' the commitment tae a lunatic asylum o' the fairist mon ever scairt out o' his weets by seel' Scotch dialect in print. The book that did the work was mine: 'The Bare-Legged Piper o' Loch Leoney.'"

But the Doctor was undismayed by this formidable challenge.

"Besides the proof I have already shown you, McGallon, I can produce a physician's certificate that after my first novel was completed I lay for weeks in imminent danger of parestia."

"Foot! What was that but an advantage! scheme for yer ain' aggrainement! Ye ken the Scotch dialect novel is like the morphine habit—the mair deady fowk finds it tae be, the mair they'll want it. Didna yer publishers print that sanctified in their announcements o' yer book?"

"McGallon, I decline to protract this controversy. Nor will I take the trouble to assert that I have fairly earned and now enjoy universal recognition as the pioneer Scotch dialect author."

"Then ken that neither will Allan McGallon, nor any ither o' yer brither dialecters, recognize yer pretensions, an' that yer claim is disallowed for a percentage on the sales o' our works, made on the little ground, ha, ha, that true gae we lair! how he ga' throve the readin' public by becomin' authors!"

As if by some preconcerted signal a hall-storm of bound books crashed thunderously through the windows. Allan McGallon had already seized the bottle of Glenlewem and vanished under the table, but Doctor MacTangus narrowly escaped destruction by throwing himself prone on the floor.

THOMAS DONNELLY.

## Deacon Hardecrab Is Has a Confidential Talk with the New Minister.

Deacon Hardecrab—Now you are installed, we came to explain how matters stand in our church. The membership is exclusive, and there are no poor people, but in order to keep up expenses it is necessary that none of the brethren be offended. Our last minister preached on brotherly love when Brother John Moneybags and Brother

Charles Moneybags went speak to each other because of their father's will. Of course, the minister could not remain after such a mistake. The minister before him preached against liquor selling, and Brother Hardecrab withdrew from the church, and he pays \$1000 a year. Before that a minister preached against dancing and nearly broke up the church. Another actually preached against theatres, with Brother Bouffe owning an opera house. Another preached against Sunday amusements, when five of the brethren are interested in Coney Island and the baseball club. Another used the text that the way of the transgressor is hard, with Mrs. Rocks, whose husband is in the penitentiary for violating the banking laws, sitting right there. She and her friends withdrew, and we had to mortgage the church. You must be careful never to mention a place of punishment, because Brother Hard's son died of delirium tremens, and any reference to a subject like that will drive him away. Then, any remarks about purity in government will hit Brother Marks, who was fined for receiving a bribe as Assenblyman. Don't talk politics under any circumstances.

Minister—That is all right, brothers. We must proceed wisely. I am careful to use nothing in my sermons but the most popular novels.

FRANK L. WELLES.

## Tip to Aspiring Explorers.

(Detroit Tribune.)

By starting now instead of in the Spring, Arctic explorers would be able to accumulate sufficient suffering for a course of lectures without going so far north as is usual in such cases.

Just a Moment  
with the Chappies.

It remained for the last day of the Horse Show to develop the most fool thing of the whole week.

Somebody started the rumor that Saturday would be servants' day in the Madison Square Garden, and I hope I may be taken for Louis Wormser if the attendance didn't fall off until the directors got blue in the face, and little Mr. Yde almost fell in a fit of rage and disappointment.

There never was such another Jay place as New York is anyway.

Can you imagine such a lot of guys as these people that deliberately stay away from the Horse Show because some chap with a spavined sense of humor started the story that only servants would go there on Saturday?

They know, of course, that the Belmonts, the Whitneys, the Tallers, the Gonds and all the other boxholders are in one man's of paying \$400 or \$500 each to start their coach and chambermaids and coachmen may sit on the arena rail and criticize the horses and the friends of their masters and mistresses.</